May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft'tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what reſts ?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteele,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand.
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and filly.--------not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No,
Vp ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't.

Then

Then trip him that his heele ma
And that his ſoule may be as da
As hell whereto it goes; my mo
This phiſicke but prolongs thy
King. My words fly vp, my th
Words without thoughts neue

Enter Gertr

Polo. A will come ſtrait, look
Tell him his prancks haue beene
And that your grace hath ſcreen
Much heate and him, Ile ſilence
Pray you be round.

Ente

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me n
With-draw, I heare him commi
Ham. Now mother, what's t
Ger. Hamlet, thou haſt thy fa
Ham. Mother you haue my f
Ger. Come, come, you anſwe
Ham. Goe goe, you queſtion
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*
Ham. What's the matter no
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood not ſo
You are the Queene, your husb
And would it were not ſo, you a
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe t
Ham. Come, come, and ſit y
You goe not till I ſet you vp a g
Where you may ſee the moſt pa
Ger. What wilt thou doe, tho
Helpe hoe.
Polo. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou d
Ham. Nay I know not, is it t